LITTLE SANDY SLEIGHFOOT

The Song of
"Little Sandy Sleighfoot"

Exclusively Recorded
by
COLUMBIA RECORDS
With
JIMMY DEAN
Produced by
MITCH MILLER

"Sandy Sleighfoot has great charm and interest, and it helps keep Christ in Christmas. I like the strong religious keynote and all that it means to handicapped children everywhere."
DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

". . . a most delightful Christmas story . . . it makes it easy for any child to understand that the greatest pleasure is in helping others and that even though you are handicapped you will not be unhappy if you can accomplish that."
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"Sandy Sleighfoot combines the essential Christian motif of Christmas with a positive boost to the morale of all handicapped children. It will rank next to Dickens' 'Christmas Carol' in years to come."
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"Fresh, appealing, superb. At last a Christmas story with a genuine Christian appeal. It will inspire both courage and compassion."
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"I am delighted to recommend highly both the book and the music entitled 'Little Sandy Sleighfoot'. They will be a delightful and wholesome contribution to enlarging the Christmas repertoire of music, song and story. They maintain the essentially religious theme of the season and embody the spirit of courage and sound sympathy with the right kind of stimulating boost for morale."
BISHOP RICHARD C. RAINES

"Little Sandy Sleighfoot is a worthy product . . . "
BASIL L. WALTERS, *Executive Editor*
CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Price $2.95

LITTLE SANDY SLEIGHFOOT

Story by
JUNE C. UNWIN

Lyrics by
PHILIP M. CRANE

Illustrations by
JAMES ALAN UNWIN

Music by
JOSEPH E. SAVARINO

(Sheet music and phonograph records also available)

Dedicated to

ALL CHILDREN EVERYWHERE

At the specific request of

Lt. George W. Crane IV, USMC

before his death in a jet crash

July 7, 1956

Rededicated to

GEORGE IV

by

Jim, June, Joe and Phil

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NORTH
POLE

Far, far away, at the North Pole, among the polar bears and icebergs and deep snow, lies a small village.

It is famous because Santa Claus lives there. But he is not alone, for he has Mrs. Santa Claus and many other people to help him make the toys that good children receive on Christmas.

One day Santa's chief helper, named Hans, rushed into the workshop shouting for joy.

"Hurrah, hurrah," he exclaimed. "Hilda and I have a new baby boy!"

Hans and Hilda felt they were the happiest and luckiest folks in the whole world. For this was their first child.

"What are you going to name your new baby boy?" Santa Claus asked Hans.

"We have decided to call him Sandy, because he has red hair," Hans answered.

Each day Sandy grew by leaps and bounds. But one thing made his parents worry about him. It seemed that for every inch Sandy grew taller, his feet grew an inch longer.

Because of this fact, little Sandy learned to walk much sooner than other boys of his age, since his feet were getting so long that he could hardly fall over even if he tried.

During his spare time Sandy's father had to make many new shoes for his son. So Hans would toil all day in Santa's workshop, carving toys for children to receive at Christmas time. Then he would go home to finish a new pair of shoes for his little boy.

Sandy didn't mind his fast-growing feet except when he tried to run and stumbled over them.

As Sandy grew older, his mother would let him go

outside in the snow to play with the children of other helpers in Santa's workshop.

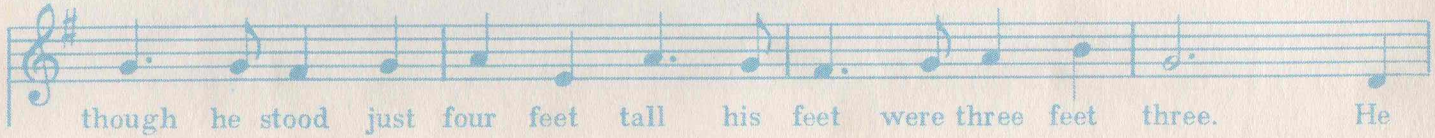
These neighboring children would play tag, but little Sandy had to stand aside and watch. For he couldn't run fast enough to play in their games.

So the other children would often tease him for being a slow poke. And that made Sandy very sad.

But there was one thing only Sandy could do. And that was slide down the snowy hillsides, using his long feet for skis. The other children had to ride on sleds.

Sandy would thus shuffle to the top of the hill. Then he would take a little jump and away he would scoot to the bottom on his long shoes.

The other boys and girls thought it was very funny to see Sandy do this. So, they called him "Sandy Sleighfoot".



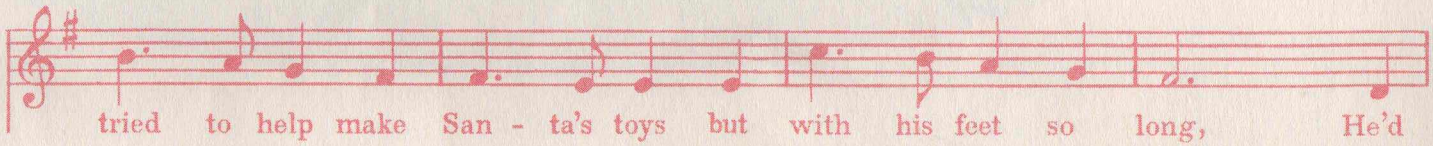
But Sandy Sleighfoot was often very lonely, for he couldn't take his playmates with him when he would slide down the hill. The other boys and girls, however, could share their sleds and take their friends with them.

So little Sandy Sleighfoot grew very sad. But at last he found a true friend. She was Lucy Lop-Ear, the kindly mother reindeer who lived in the big stable at the foot of the hill.

Sandy would go out every day and slide down the steep hill on his long feet till he landed at the stable door. Then he would visit with Lucy Lop-Ear and her children, who were Dancer and Prancer.

Little Sandy felt sorry for poor Lucy Lop-Ear. She had broken one of her beautiful ears while protecting her children from a dangerous pack of wolves.

Sandy Sleighfoot would always take Lucy Lop-



A A
B B

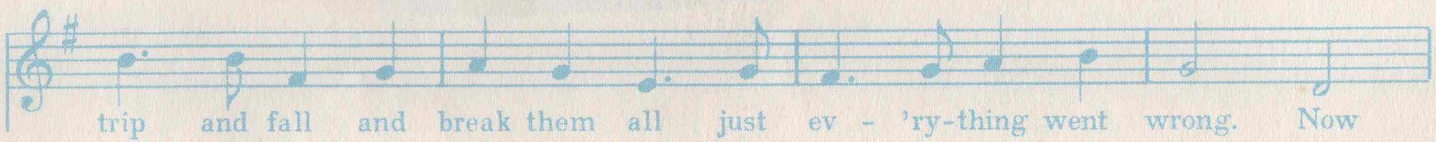
Ear some hay or dry moss, but her favorite treat was a pinch of salt.

When Sandy grew older, it came time for him to learn a trade, for that was the custom at the North Pole village. Everybody was supposed to have a job making Christmas toys for Santa Claus to deliver to good boys and girls on Christmas Eve.

Sandy Sleighfoot tried his very best to be a helpful worker. But his long feet always seemed to get in the way, so he would fall and sometimes break the toy he had in his hands.

Santa Claus, and all his helpers, tried to overlook the fact that Sandy was awkward and clumsy. But when he broke too many toys, they finally decided he had better wait a few years more before coming back to help in the workshop.

This made Sandy Sleighfoot very unhappy be-

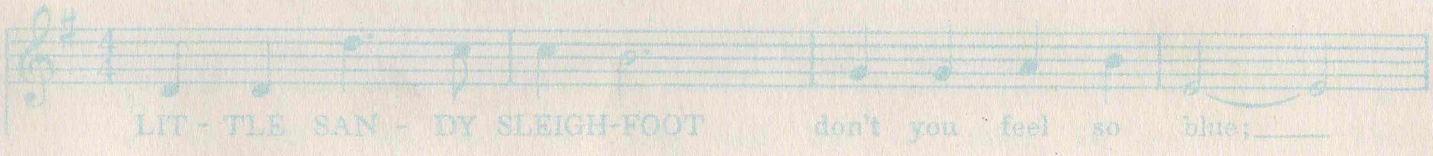


cause he was so eager to make toys for other children. Although he was both kind and unselfish, what could he do? He just seemed to get in people's way and bother them.

It was now two days before Christmas. All of the helpers in Santa's workshop were as busy as bees. And the women of the village were making Christmas candy and cookies for Santa Claus to take along in his sleigh to place in the stockings of good children all over the world.

Even Santa's sleigh got a fresh coat of paint. And his reindeer were combed and brushed till their coats were shiny.

But poor little Sandy Sleighfoot was pushed aside. That night his father and mother fell asleep quickly for they were very tired after working hard all day for Santa.



ANDY

But little Sandy couldn't sleep. He finally began to cry because he was so unhappy. Then he got down beside his bed to say his prayers.

"Dear Jesus," he began, "I am too clumsy to make Christmas toys. And I am too slow to run errands in the workshop.

"I just get in everybody's way. I really want to help make other children happy. But what can I do? I guess I'm just no good for anything!"

But little Sandy Sleighfoot was mistaken. God has a job for everybody on this earth. No one is so crippled or shy or clumsy or ugly that he can't help other people.

Little Sandy Sleighfoot, however, didn't realize that fact. He didn't even dream that God had a job for him that very night.

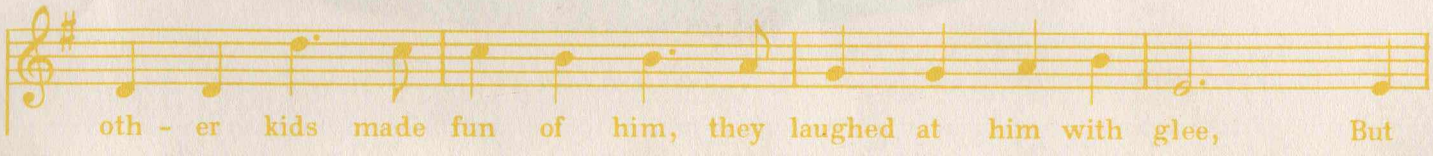
After Sandy got up from his knees, he walked over to the window and gazed out across the deep snow, while two big tears tumbled down his cheeks.

And two more were just starting to fall when he thought he heard a sound of reindeer shrieking. So he looked far down into the valley where Santa Claus kept his reindeer in the huge stable.

Sandy Sleighfoot saw a red light. At first he thought it must be a lantern. But then he realized all the people in the village were fast asleep.

So he peered more closely through the frosty window pane. The light now had turned into an angry red glow and it kept getting larger. Then a tongue of red flame leaped out of the stable window.

Suddenly, Sandy realized that the stable was on fire! And if the precious reindeer should burn to death, Santa Claus could not take his sleigh around the world



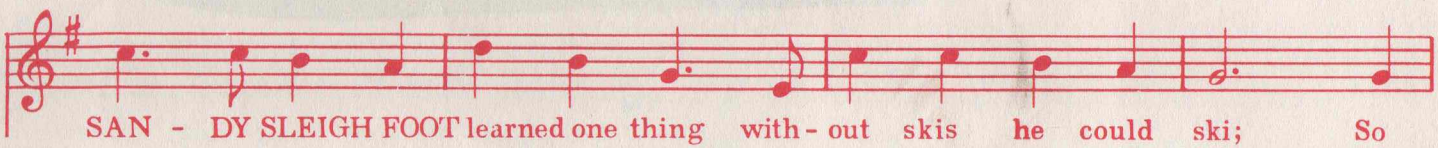
to deliver toys to the children on Christmas Eve.

Instantly Sandy Sleighfoot shouted "Fire! Fire!" and rushed out of the house, even before his parents could hop out of their warm beds.

The night was bitterly cold, as only a night at the North Pole can be. All Sandy Sleighfoot had on was his nightgown and slippers, plus his red and green scarf which he had grabbed as he rushed out of the door.

For once in his life, Sandy was thankful he had his long feet, since he could use them as skis to reach the edge of the steep hill.

There he gave a little jump and went sliding down the icy slope. The wind flew past his ears and made them sting with the biting cold. But little Sandy Sleighfoot didn't notice this. For he was too worried about saving the reindeer from the burning stable.

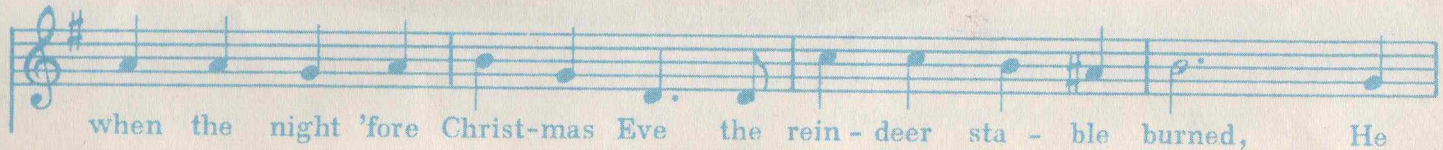


In the meantime, Sandy's parents had hopped out of bed and spread the alarm. Santa Claus and all the other men of the village got up and tried to follow Sandy Sleighfoot. But the deep snow slowed them down. Even those who had quickly put on their snowshoes, had trouble wading through the drifts.

By now, Sandy Sleighfoot had reached the fiercely blazing stables. He could hear the frightened cries of the reindeer as they trampled around inside the smoky stalls. They were terrified!

Just then Lucy Lop-Ear stuck her nose out the doorway. Sandy tugged and pulled and fumbled with the heavy latch. Finally, he got it open and then led Lucy Lop-Ear outside. The other reindeer followed her, since she was the leader.

That is, all came out except Prancer who was so choked by hot smoke and blinded by fear that he could



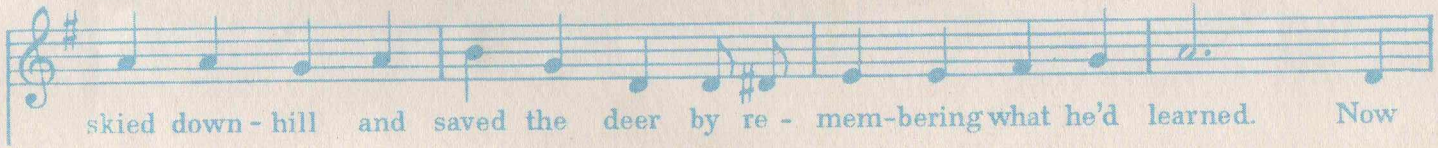
not find the door. Sandy could hear his frightened snorting as he kept running in circles in the burning barn. So little Sandy hurried back inside the fiery stable to rescue Prancer.

Just as they stepped out through the door, the flaming roof came crashing down and all that remained was a huge pile of burning wood and hay.

And at that very moment Santa and his helpers rushed up. They cheered and cheered little Sandy Sleighfoot for his courage. Sandy was now a hero!

His parents were so proud of their brave little son, that they were almost bursting with joy and happiness.

Santa Claus even picked little Sandy up in his arms and carried him all the way back home. Then Santa wrapped him in a big warm polar bear skin and set him before the fire. Mrs. Santa Claus then gave him a bowl of hot cereal.



And in just a few minutes little Sandy Sleighfoot was so warm and cozy that his head began to nod. Soon he was fast asleep, so Santa carried him to his bed and covered him with soft woolly blankets.

Then Santa Claus gathered his helpers around him. He told them that because of little Sandy's wonderful deed, they ought to show how very proud they were of him. And he suggested that they surprise little Sandy Sleighfoot with some special presents.

So they all kept it a secret! And the next day Santa's workshop fairly hummed with activity, while the women of the village also busied themselves making the special gifts for little Sandy.

That night, when it was almost time for Santa to leave, all the villagers gathered around to wish him well on his trip, as they did every year on Christmas Eve. Santa then called little Sandy Sleighfoot forward,

and handed him the gifts that every one had worked on all day long. And what do you suppose they were?

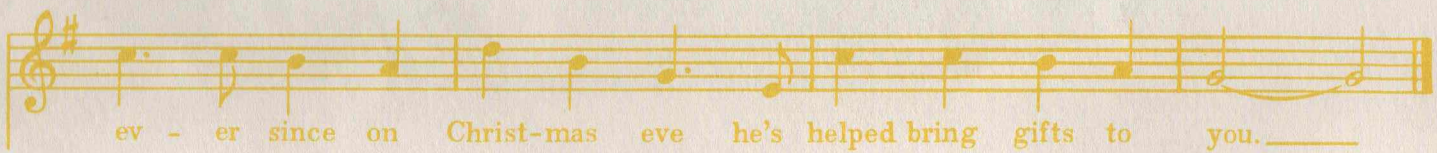
Sandy's eyes seemed almost as big as saucers, for here were the most beautiful boots he had ever seen. They were green with red soles and gold buttons.

And then there was a new green scarf with red trim, to match the boots.

But this was not all. For there was also a beautiful pair of red trousers and a warm red coat all fluffy with white trimming, just like the one Santa Claus was wearing.

However, the best was yet to come!

For when little Sandy Sleighfoot had put on all these new clothes and had his beautiful new boots all buttoned, what else do you suppose Santa Claus did?



Well, he lifted little Sandy right into the big sleigh and placed him on the front seat. For Santa Claus had decided that little Sandy Sleighfoot deserved to ride with him throughout the night on that beautiful Christmas Eve, bringing joy and gladness to all the good boys and girls around the world.

Santa even placed the reins in little Sandy's hands so he could guide the reindeer.

"Hi, Dancer and Prancer," Santa called out with a jolly shout. "Let's go, Donder and Blitzen," he added, and away they streaked off into the starry night.

So it was with the greatest of pride and respect that Sandy was ever after called "Little Sandy Sleighfoot".

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY OF "LITTLE SANDY SLEIGHFOOT"

Upon his return from Korean duty with the Marine Air Corps, Lt. George W. Crane visited Jim and June Unwin, the creators of "Little Sandy Sleighfoot". Lt. Crane and Jim had been interested in cartooning and painting ever since they had entered first grade together so it was natural for Lt. Crane to want to see what Jim had done along this line in his absence.

Among some paintings and sketches Jim showed George were those of "Little Sandy Sleighfoot" and the story his wife, June, had written to go with them. George was immediately impressed with the story and drawings and, convinced of their merit, borrowed them to show his family and friends who agreed wholeheartedly on their uniqueness where Christmas lore was concerned.

Deciding the story should have a song to accompany it, Lt. Crane visited a college chum and talented pianist, Joe Savarino, who agreed to compose a tune to which Lt. Crane's brother, Philip, wrote some lyrics.

Lieut. George W. Crane IV

George was especially fond of children and had hoped ultimately to become a pediatrician. Since his original enthusiasm for "Little Sandy Sleighfoot" was prompted largely by the inspiration he thought it would be to youngsters the world over, he expressly asked that the story be dedicated to "All Children Everywhere."

Lt. Crane was busily engaged in the work of preparing the story and music for publication when he was killed in the crash of his Cougar jet at Glenview Naval Air Station on July 7, 1956.

Realizing that it was George's enthusiasm and determination that made "Little Sandy Sleighfoot" a reality, Jim and June Unwin as well as Joe Savarino and Philip Crane requested that the book be rededicated in his memory.

LITTLE SANDY SLEIGHFOOT